THE PACIFIC

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Pac Theo Sem
Reading Room

THE LAND OF YESTERDAY.

The years that might have left the spirit wise
Have flung the chains of reason round the soul—
Have turned the gaze toward an earthly goal,
And drifted mists of learning o'er our eyes.

And so we toil for that which is not bread,
And wear our lives out forging prison bars,
Through which we catch but glimpses of the stars
Shining with mocking brightness overhead.

We leave the simple master-words of life
Behind us with the toys of childhood years,
Whilst in the book-bound wisdom of the seers
We seek some scant equipment for the strife.

Yet, now and then, a sunset or a flower,
Or some old haunt, revisited once more,
Or the sea's story whispered to the shore,
Or the wind's music on a listening bower,

Will bring again the unalloyed delight
We knew before our life had held a wrong,
Recall the refrain of a cradle song,
And lift the shadows from our saddened sight.

—Percy C. Ainsworth.

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W. W. FERRIER ..... Editor

2716 Hillegass Ave., Berkeley

THE ELECTION IN LOS ANGELES.

The editor of The Pacific went to Los Angeles two weeks ago in order to make a study of the municipal election campaign in that city. It was perhaps one of the most interesting and exciting ever conducted anywhere in this country. As our readers already know the good government ticket was elected by a large majority. Commenting on the result a leading Los Angeles daily paper asserts that "Socialism is dead." We do not think so. No one could study carefully the campaign in Los Angeles and fail to see that Socialism gained therein a large number of adherents and that seed was sown the fruits of which will be apparent in every campaign in the future.

The Socialists lost, and we believe justly so, in Los Angeles. But there is much of righteousness in considerable of their contention, and the agitation will go on until in many ways conditions in the industrial world are changed and bettered. We cannot say that Socialism will ever be dead; but if it ever is, it will not be until the wolf code of brute existence is gotten out of our civilization.

When that is done we shall have introduced therein very many of the good features of Socialism.

After listening many times in Los Angeles to Mayor Wilson of Berkeley and marking the sanity and temperance of his utterances, we are of opinion that he faces in the State and nation an influential future. His speeches were not characterized, as were so many, by unreasonable and inflammatory utterances. But, aside from a few references to local questions, were full of truth and soberness. One day he said in substance to a large gathering of Socialists: The Church is on trial, and Socialism also is on trial. And I want you Socialists to know that anything in this movement that is not based on the principles of Jesus is bound to fail finally. You can count me out of anything that has not this foundation. There were about 250 men and women present in a Christian Socialist hall, and not more than a dozen applauded that utterance.

Alexander Irvine was manager of the Socialist campaign in Los Angeles, and he was denunciatory of the Church. In one address we heard him say that no minister could declare himself as he was declaring himself and remain in his pulpit a week. We could have told him that Charles R. Brown had for many years denounced as strongly, in the pulpit of the First Congregational Church of Oakland, all the evils and oppressions in the industrial world and had left there after fourteen years with unanimous request that he remain and continue such preaching for the good of man and the glory of God. Mr. Brown's preaching against the wrongs in the industrial world in all probability has done more good than Alexander Irvine's utterances have done, and we do not lightly estimate Mr. Irvine's achievements.

Mr. Irvine will help his cause along by being less denunciatory of the Church.

In one of his speeches Mayor J. Stitt Wilson said that if this movement had not sprung up outside the church there would be today a mighty movement within the Church for the accomplishment of the same ends. He expressed himself as being glad that it was outside the Church, for the reason that in this way more people could be united in it.

Outside of the Church, he hopes to see united some time on that for which Christian Socialists contend—Protestants, Catholics, Christian Scientists, Spiritualists and all of the innumerable sects. God speed the day when life everywhere shall be lived in accordance with the teachings of Jesus!

LOS ANGELES AND THE SALOON.

The result as to the prohibition ordinance submitted to the voters of Los Angeles on Tuesday of this week is not encouraging for those who have thought that there would be a great advance in the temperance movement when women had the elective franchise. The ordinance was defeated by a vote of something like two to one. It is true that it was quite stringent in its provisions, but was, to all intents and purposes, only such as the most ardent prohibitionists will support. While an ordinance less stringent would gain some who voted against this one, it would fail to receive the support of those who demand a law without any loopholes, and so would not be likely to fare much better than the one so overwhelmingly defeated this week.

Los Angeles, with the saloons limited to 200 in number and confined to certain localities, and so open to the public by reason of glass doors, that any passer-by can readily see what is going on there, has a restriction that is satisfactory to a large number of her citizens who can not be classed as friends of the saloon. And this contributed to the result.

The editor of The Pacific spent the last two weeks in Los Angeles, making a study of the campaign that was being conducted there, and is of opinion that the prohibitionists cannot reasonably hope to make any better fight against the saloons in the near future than they have just made. There was time to reach the voters. We believe they were reached; but they were not persuaded. Quite a majority of the voters in Los Angeles do not want prohibition—at least, not so stringent a provision as was in the ordinance that has been defeated. And the difficulty, as aforesaid, is to get the most radical to consent to anything less stringent. It looks as if Los Angeles will keep the saloon for some years yet—and this notwithstanding the fact that there are about 80,000 women voters in that city.

THE McNAMARA CONFESSION.

The confession of the McNamara brothers in Los Angeles last Friday, is one of the most important denouements of the opening years of the twentieth century. Had the cases gone to trial and had these men been convicted, as they undoubtedly would have been, notwithstanding the attempts to bribe jurors, thousands of people throughout the country would have continued to believe them innocent, despite the evidence and the finding of the court. Such would have been the outcry against the verdict that the desperately inclined would have resorted to violence. Dynamiting would have been resorted to by the anarchist element in a wholesale manner and perhaps hundreds of lives and millions of dollars would have been sacrificed. The lives of none who had to do with the verdict would have been safe, and the "big interests" in general would have been so mixed up in the verdict as to have precipitated a widespread onslaught against property all over the country. Only a few days before the confession the socialists of San Diego paraded the streets of that city with this inscription on one of their banners: "If the McNamaras are hung, they will have plenty of company. Does Judge Bordwell savvy?"

From the time when these men were arrested, The Pacific has been astounded at the attitude of the labor unions with regard to them. All that the labor unions could have done justly would have been to announce the intention of seeing to it that the men had a fair trial; but almost without exception the innocence of the men was assumed and vehemently declared.

The lesson that has come to the men of these organizations who ignored evidence so strong, or who erred in their estimate of it is one which will never be forgotten by them or by any one else. Good will come from it. They will be less heedless and rash in the future.

Very gratifying to all lovers of mankind is the manner in which the working men who have been in the wrong in this matter have hastened to set themselves right. At heart most of them were all right all the time, but they erred greatly.

There are other things in which these organizations are making mistakes. If now, with this sad and humiliating lesson, they will hearken more to the best elements within themselves and to their friends outside the labor unions will go on to positions invincible.

SUNDAY-SCHOOL EVANGELISM.

Ernest Bourner Allen.

What Are the Facts?

Whatever we may think of its methods, successes, or failures, the fact remains that the Sunday-school is far and away the most fruitful agency for introducing people into the kingdom about which our modern church knows anything. Four-fifths of our members, 90 per cent of our churches, and 95 per cent of our ministers and missionaries, come from this source. It offers an unequalled field for all types of evangelism—cultural, personal, pastoral, public. It has non-Christians in the greatest numbers, at the most impressionable period of life, with an organization and workers ready for their task, all engaged in studying the best text-book of religion, the Bible. Without disparagement—Brotherhoods, Apportionment plans, agencies for social service, Christian philanthropy, national and world-wide evangelism—all can afford to wait on the Sunday-school. Why, then, should our most important Society have the least public and inspirational annual meeting and omit the most direct pressure upon the churches? Why should Sunday-school evangelism need defensive emphasis?

We live in an era of conservation. Not the least important is the conservation of the child. If your save the child, you get tomorrow and everything tomorrow should be. It is sad to know that of the 2,000,000 children born in the United States in a single year, 400,000 die before they are one year old. At the end of the fifth year, 200,000 more are gone. This is heavy campaigning. No wonder one of our state agricultural colleges issues a pamphlet on securing "A Better Crop of Boys and Girls." The fearful losses caused by disease and vice are only equalled by the later losses of the larger life. For we only lead two into a Christian life of every five who come to us in the Sunday-school! Three-fourths of the young people between the strategic years of thirteen and nineteen are lost to the Sunday-school and the church. Is it adequate conservation? And then there are more young people between the ages of 5 and 20, **outside** the Sunday-school, **than all the people enrolled in it.** For the census shows that 34 per cent of our total population is between the ages of 5 and 20, and we have scarce half that number all together, including our regiments of adults and babies in the "pink toe brigade," in the Sunday-schools! Small wonder that Bishop Lawrence, as President of the R. E. A., discusses how we are going to meet the American situation in educating the American child. "How long can a river run after the sources are dried up?"

Denominationally, we are in an era of recession in Sunday-school strength. Can inaccuracy of statistics explain a loss of 31,000 members in our Sunday-schools last year? Should we not have a national truant officer to look after pastors and churches where losses are sub-normal? Why should the total membership of our schools remain the same as fifteen years ago when we had 500 less churches? The country is not short of boys and girls, nor is our Congregational stock degenerating. Furthermore, we need the tonic of these incisive words by a discriminating pastor:

"If you find a church that is "slumping," simply marking time or losing ground, go look up its Sunday-school; go find out how much interest the officers of the church take in the life and interests of the boys and girls. In forty-nine out of every fifty cases of such stand-still or decaying churches you will find that its Sunday-school is conventional, sleepy, out-of-date, trying to exist apart from the interest and fostering care of the church."

While the Sunday-school is reaching so small a proportion of young people, remember it is the **only** agency which is doing any religious training in a really systematic way. Countless Christian homes farm out their children to the Sunday-school for training and practically **all** non-Christian homes do the same. The public school, through its national association, is demanding that more emphasis be laid upon character building and moral efficiency. It recognizes a measure of failure in its own work. But in the main, the burden, though not all the responsibility, falls back upon the Sunday-school. Because homes are negligent and public schools are inadequate, the Sunday-school is the most important and influential factor in building up the church and shaping the nation's moral character. That is why the North American Review gives place to an article proposing a concentration of social re-

form by working mainly with the real foundations of society—the children.

What Are Our Principles?

A thoughtful speaker at a recent association meeting in Ohio declared that up to 1904 evangelism was somewhat in recessional among us because as a denomination we had been more devoted to the ideals of Bushnell than of Moody. There ought to be no quarrel over the principles of these two giants. Perhaps we are in danger of forgetting that evangelism, in the Sunday-school as otherwhere, may be culminative as well as cultural. We are to have "first the blade," of course, but we are looking for the time of "the full corn in the ear," as well. "Christian nurture" needs no vindication. We concede its place. Let us have more reaping of the nurtured grain! If not the modern-miracle sort which Harold Begbie compels us to recognize, it may be of that decisive sort which came in youth to Moffatt and Spurgeon, and to a host of others. Children can make life-decisions. There are too many churches which ignore it, like that one which reported the fruits of a revival somewhat after this fashion: "We have had forty accessions, not counting the children!" God pity us if with all our up-to-date knowledge of the recurrent critical epochs in the child's life, we do not help him in his decisions before he is out of his teens. If we shape up the issue before him, we can secure the assent of his will to a positive, personal allegiance to Jesus Christ. Or are we so hazy in our own thinking that we see here no issue?

We have not done our full duty when we have graded our Sunday-schools and adopted splendid and well-wrought out standards of efficiency. We say that "any Sunday-school is efficient which develops to the utmost through its teaching the religious life of the pupil." If to the "utmost," then it must reach and pass the point of decision. If it is **thorough** "teaching," it must encourage and secure self-expression in the pupil. This work cannot be left wholly to the teacher. There is a place for the appeal by pastor or superintendent in the school. Call it "Decision day" or what you will, the principle is sane, psychological, pedagogical, scriptural and practical, which seeks to help a boy to commit himself to Jesus Christ. Granted that there are thousands who "never knew" when they entered upon a Christian life, there are other thousands at least who do know. We must not specialize for one class and neglect the other.

What is Our Duty?

The immediate duty is to call the denomination to meet adequately the opportunity in Sunday-school evangelism.

How shall that be done?

(1) By the voice and action of every pastor. He is the key man. If we can get him the battle is three-fourths won. There is truth in the axiomatic utterance of Dr. Mullins: "A hostile pastor equals a dead Sunday-school; an indifferent pastor equals an inefficient Sunday-school; an officious pastor equals a chaotic Sunday-school; a co-operative, sympathetic pastor equals an efficient Sunday-school."

(2) Let every school inaugurate **a systematic campaign to increase its membership** among the children of school age in the community who are now in no Sunday-school. This will take time, work, money and may involve a religious census.

(3) Let us magnify the opportunity of **the school in the small church,** where it is often possible to get closer to the child. With 1,000 churches having less than 25 members and 37 per cent with less than 50 members, we must encourage them to make the most of what they have. They also **must reach out** after the children not in any school.

(4) Let there be not less idealism in standardizing and developing the work done in our schools but more **conservation** of results. Our standard of efficiency should be broad enough to include **increase** in enrollment and a certain **minimum** per cent of increase to the church for every hundred pupils.

(5) Let us **give "Decision day" a chance** and not ignore it through laziness or a measure of doubt about its helpfulness. If adequately introduced, it will yield surprising fruitage. It will furnish the pastor a goodly number for his training class and a choice group to be further prepared for church membership.

(6) Let us **make Easter the objective for ingathering.** Pre-Easter training classes are easily organized if the pastor will get the names and do the work. At no point is he surer of results, nor of investing his energies to better advantage.

(7) Let us have one national convention, and many state gatherings, of Congregationalists, where our attention, study and planning shall be focussed upon the child, and upon the Sunday-school as the strategic agency for evangelization.

Prevention is better than cure.

It is easier to get the child than the man.

In the Sunday-school, "there remaineth much land to be possessed."

THE LONGING OF THE TRANSMITTER.

By W. N. Burr.

I came face to face with Joe Bennett the other day in the park. Joe is a gentle, tender soul, naturally a mystic, a man who is likely to be suffering torments under conditions that would seem tame and ordinary to some of the rest of us.

"Well, Joe, how goes it?" I asked, in my brusque way. Joe and I were not cut off the same piece of cloth at all, but I have felt strongly drawn towards the fellow ever since he opened his heart to me one night out on the campus during our Seminary days.

"O, so-so," he replied. I knew at once that something was troubling him. I caught the underchord in his voice I saw the shadow play upon his face. I knew, too, that it does not take much to sweep a cloud into Joe's sky. It is also true that some pleasant things that seem commonplace to many will fill Joe's heart with rapture.

"Now, see here, old fellow, what is it? I asked, taking him by the arm. "Let's go over to that bench in the shade, where you can tell me all about it."

"Tell you about what?" he asked, walking down the park path with me unresistingly.

"Something is going wrong with you, Joe—what is it? Perhaps I can help."

"I wish I could hang the Judas that betrays me whenever I get a bit dumpish!" he exclaimed, a tired smile playing at the corners of his mouth.

"Let Judas go hang himself, my boy," said I, tightening my grip on his arm. "You just open up and let out your grief, if it is anything that can be talked over with a friend."

"Well," said he, "I suppose when you met me just now my face reflected my thoughts, and I was thinking about —preaching the Gospel."

"Bless your heart, man!" I exclaimed, as we reached our bench and sat down, "you've been thinking about that ever since you were born, and you've been doing it, too,

splendidly, as well as thinking about it. What is there about preaching the Gospel that should fling shadows over a man's face?"

"Unresponsive listeners," Joe replied slowly, as if half-ashamed of himself for letting the words escape his lips.

"O, we all have that sort, Joe," said I lightly. "Don't be taking them too seriously. There are usually a few of the other kind in almost any congregation."

"I wish I could be sure of that," Joe almost moaned. It would have sounded childish to others, no doubt, but I know Joe Bennett well enough not to be taking him in that way.

I looked into his fine, sensitive face a moment, and then said,: "Let it all out, Joe. What is it back of all this, anyway?"

"I'm starving, Jack; getting weaker every day for lack of spiritual response. People do fairly well physically—they bring their bodies to church. They do even better socially—no trouble about getting them out to the social functions of the church. But the heart of the whole matter—somehow they don't seem to care very much for it. It seems to be crowded into the background of their everyday lives, and so it is not alert and responsive at any time. And then—but I ought to stop this: stop talking to you about it, and stop thinking about it. It is bad for me and I know it. But, Jack Austin, when I read the other day of certain people who had gone to church somewhere hungry for a spiritual message and had been disappointed, I said to myself "O, I wish some such hungry soul would stray into my church some Sunday." I'm so hungry myself for spiritual fellowship, just a little companionship with somebody whose thought—habits run somewhat in the same groove as my own. There are such people. I have preached to them, and we have found each other while I was in the pulpit giving my message. But somehow—that kind seem to be living somewhere else, and lately none of them have strayed over into my pasture.

"And, Jack," he continued, "I can't preach 'everything that people are thinking about,' I must preach the Gospel of the finer life, 'The self-sufficient, superficial mood so popular in these days' has no charm for me, and I can't cater to it. To me the sensitive, weeping, pleading, loving Christ is

'No dead fact, stranded on the shore
Of the oblivious years.'
'But warm, sweet, tender, even yet
A present help is he,'

and I want to be touching hearts with somebody who is feeling his way in the region of the heart of this whole matter. All this waking up of the social consciousness is intensely interesting to me. I believe it is evidence of the spirit of Christ at work. The Kingdom leaven is mightily active in the world today. But it is just the flesh-and-blood of it that appeals to so many people. They are not thrilled by the soul of it.

"Then there are the religious sentimentalists who have caught a superficial sense of spiritual truth, but who have no outlook, and no real depth of inlook—very devotional, and very shallow, and very incharitable—dear souls! I don't know what to do with them or for them! a mere flesh-and-blood social consciousness on the one hand and a sort of restaurant-soup spirituality on the other hand do not seem to nourish me very well. A few deep-souled hearers in the congregation, listening with their souls while I pour out my soul, could help so much to create an atmosphere that would soon be drawing all the others to a finer sense of things.

"Now, Jack, it's out, and I'm ashamed of the complaining that it seems to carry. I know I have been allowing myself to think too much and too moodily on the shadow side of my life. But all the same, I am almost consumed by the craving for a listener who will walk a mile with me,' to put my own emphasis on Henry Van Dyke's words. We have been getting it a good deal in the papers lately that the ministers are not preaching Christ any more—that 'Vacation Days,' and 'The Social Consciousness,' and 'What I Think and Don't Think of Christian Science,' and such like, are the present day pulpit themes. The pulpit is not wholly to blame for it. The pews seem to be demanding—something different. There are people who respond to the mystical message mixed in large quantities with the humanitarian, but—they don't seem to come my way, not even in vacation time."

"My dear man," said I—and I covered his delicately-formed hand with my pudgy paw—"what did you say you were thinking about when I met you over yonder?"

"About preaching the Gospel," he replied.

"What is the Gospel?"

"The good news of peace on earth, good will among men, through Jeasus Christ."

"And you preach it?"

"I try to."

"And you succeed. A man said to me the other day, 'Joe Bennett is a man with a message. His own people are a little slow about finding it out, but he is just the man they need.' The fact is, Joe, you dwell a little deeper in the secret place of the Most High than do the most of us. We are coming along, but some of us think we must spend a little time whacking some things by the side of the road that don't look good to us just as they are. I don't blame you for feeling lonely. I shall link my prayer with yours every day that heaven may send you a family or two that will furnish you the uplift of spiritual fellowship that you long for. But don't be fretful, old fellow. Your Master walked the same road you are on, and the fact that you are where you are proves that you have been following closely in His steps. 'Preaching the Gospel' is big business—so big that none of us ever see all around it. The Thomas A. Kempis folks see some of it, and the 'Social Gospel' folks see some of it, and the Salvation Army folks see some of it, and the Scholarly folks see some of it, and there are others who see some other portions of it. It takes all of us to emphasize all sides of it, and then we've got to dig our way, each through his own section, in towards the heart of it. God bless you, Joe, and give you the comfort of some response to the blessed messages you are transmitting so faithfully and lovingly. You deserve in good measure the fellowship you crave."

"Thank you, Jack," he said tenderly. "I don't want to be a fretter, and I'm not going to be one. But the real mission of the church—it all seems to me so amazingly fine and soulful, so much finer than the vision of the Intellectualists or the Sentimentallists, the Socialists or the Salvationists, the Practalists or the Heavenly Visionists—"

"Because," I interupted, "you have focussed all these visions on the heart of all of them."

La Canada, California

THE CHILD AND THE CHURCH.

C. E. Pugh.

(Given at the Annual Meeting of the Congregational Conference in Berkeley, October 17-19.)

The appropriate setting for this hour's discussion is an image of Jesus holding a child in his arms in the presence of His disciples, rebuking the disciples, blessing the child and announing that "Of such is the kingdom."

The Christian Church professes to believe that God is the Heavenly Father of every human child. It is not at all surprising that belief in this kind of heredity is declining in the face of the facts concerning children's crimes.

If this divine heredity were the determining factor in human character, these children of the Heavenly Father, of whom it was said, "of such is the kingdom," these children, I say, would stay in the kingdom and enjoy the presence and favor of the King.

If mother love could save boys and girls from the paths of sin, few would tread therein. If lip prayer by parents and preachers could save children the volume of petition that rise morning, noon and night to the throne of grace for wayward sons and daughters ought to save them.

If the good intentions and untiring efforts of the half-million school teachers of the United State could stop children in their downward course, and send them up the shining paths of glory, what a happy land this would be. The public high schools have increased over 4,000 per cent in one generation. Juvenile courts, play-grounds and parks are special forms for helping children. In spite of all these forces for righteousness, child crimes are increasing three and one-half times as fast as the population.

If we have hearts that can be moved by the sorrows and sufferings of children, by the heartaches of mothers and fathers for wayward sons and daughters—in short, if we love humanity, we will look into the causes of increasing sin and crime.

There are no doubt many contributing causes. Two fundamental ones are: (1) the lengthening period of infancy along with (2) the changing social order. A human child is the most complex, the most plastic, the most sensitive, the most perplexing problem in the world.

The Lengthening Period of Infancy.

A chick hatches out in a few weeks and can run and peck and perform all the essential functions for the preservaton of the individual from the first day, and can reproduce or carry on the processes for preserving the species by the time it is six or seven months old. Similarly, with all other animals the time for maturing is but a small fraction of the animal's whole life: while in the case of man the time is approximtaely half. Parents and social customs are constantly increasing the period by better care, better food, relieving children from hard labor, extending the age for marriage, so that now we hardly expect the human animal to assume adult functions until twenty-one or twenty-five.

A human child is the most helpless of animals. This helplessness is society's opportunity. The child comes into the world less like its parent than any other animal. If left to itself and it lived it would come to know and do very few of the manifold things its parents know and do. In fact, this helplessness is but a sign that the child has been more or less cut off from inheriting most of the traits and characteristics the parents most prize—language, beliefs, knowledge, skill, etc.

A child comes into the world less matured than other animal, so that social heredity may help mature in a manner fitted to the social life in which the child must live. This lessening influence of congenital heredity in human young puts new and ever-increasing burdens upon parents and society. A child is sensitive to persons from the early months of his life. Through a kind, intelligent care and fellowship in the first few months a child's disposition is much influenced.

Social heredity and social control means budding social forms and social achievements upon the child's instinctive roots. Here we need to note that even a child's instincts which, of course are hereditary, are less trustworthy and more plastic to social influences than that of other animals. For example, a child inherits a language instinct, but not language. The kind of language, French or German, or English, the purity or vulgarity of language, is determined by social heredity—that is, it is determined after birth by social intercourse.

Similarly, every normal child inherits the sex instinct, and this instinct will ripen and press in upon consciousness at the 12th or 13th year. Whether a child's sex life be pure or impure depends upon his associations during the five or six years from 12 to 17 or 18.

Every normal child goes through a storm and stress period in adolescent life, forcing it to seek some ultimate principle of explanation and evolution. Whether this instinct blossom out into a religious or irreligious life, depends upon the kind of fellowship during this period. In short, children do not inherit religion in its personal form. It must be developed by personal touch, personal direction, guidance and control during the time the religious instincts are ripening.

Along with the lengthening period of infancy has gone a remarkable change in the social institutions. Division of labor, the resulting factory system and corporation control has all but broken up the old-time home, removing the father and often the mother and children from home and home influence during hours of labor. Many families hardly live in homes. They rather live in houses—places to sleep and sometimes eat. In a school of five hundred children, 37 per cent did not know their father's business, 51 per cent did not eat with the whole family on the day before the record was taken.

Society as such has changed as much in a generation through club life for both men and women. The school has been raised from a position of supplementing the influence of the home and society in teaching children to work and to adjust themselves to condition, into the place of the fundamental social instrument employing more of the child's time and energy than any other institution.

All this has had more effect upon the children than upon adults. It has removed them from first hand contact with Nature and productive industries and thrust them into a more or less artificial world.

All this has increased the child's leisure, his freedom, the demands for individual initiation and the necessity for self-control.

With this increase has gone a decrease in work—the development of the sense of fear, respect and affection. There are the very foundation instincts upon which religious development depends.

Work and worship are correlatives. The sense of fear develops the emotional base of fear of the Lord, the beginning of wisdom. Not the individual egoistic fear that the Lord will hurt us, but the fear that we will not conform our will to His.

Respect is based upon the contemplation of worth in

another. When that worth is contemplated as great, infinite, absolute, respect is raised into reverence.

Affection has as its physiological basis the bodily and mental pleasures coming from feeding and care by parent. When this is transformed into its altruistic correlative it becomes devotion. The decline or at least change in the development of these religious instincts puts new burdens upon the parent and the pastor. The greatest problem facing this generation is the moral and religious development of the children.

The Church.

The church has changed less than the child and the other institutions. It remains an instiution of adults by adults, for adults. Its text-book, its hymns, its seats, its worship are adult. This statement is not refuted by pointing to the Sunday-school. Most Sunday-schools are little, poor imitations of church service, little calculated to develop the spirit and meaning of worship. The discipline and teaching hardly develops fear of the Lord or transforms respect into reverence or affection into devotion to a cause.

The church once was the chief institution caring for the sick and dying. This function will always be a religious opportunity and duty; but the hospitals perform the material aspect of this work better than the church ever did. Once the church was the chief institution caring for the poor. This will always remain a religious opportunity and duty; but the Associated Charities are performing this function with more wisdom and with better results than the church ever did. The church was the mother of schools but the state has relieved her of that duty.

The church has inspired and taught these other agencies and is now relieved from these duties that she may be the spiritual leader of the race. But this spiritual leadership will have to be achieved by working upon the children. The adults are too old and too much set in their ways to be much led.

If the time, money, energy and prayers spent on working with adults to solve the saloon problem were spent on the children who must recruit the rank of the drunkards, the saloon would die a natural death for want of patronage. The undesirable citizens of all kinds will all be dead in one short generation. If we could keep the innocent children from recruiting the army of wrong-doers, we could reform the world in one generation. Is there any reason why the church should not at least save to the church of Jesus Christ the children born of members of the church? This cannot be done by neglecting the children until they drift away and then by evangelistic services trying to reconvert them.

Is there any reason why every pastor should not keep a cradle roll and remember every member of this roll on every birthday? This is also a psychological time to remind parents of opportunities and duties. If pastors don't know the appropriate message for the different ages, let the church appoint a commission and prepare help and suggestion.

Is there any reason why pastors should not be the spiritual inspiration and adviser to the kindergarten teacher and children, giving the children of tender years examples of reverent attitudes, spiritualized (not sermonized) voice in word and song.

Is there any legitimate reason why the pastor should not be the spiritual leader of every department of the Bible School? There are at least two reasons for failure along these lines. Most pastors lack the intelligence and training to do this work. They have been trained along other lines.

A second reason is, they think they don't have the time and energy. Here it is a question of emphasis. If pastors get this problem upon their hearts it will get into their heads and they will find time and energy to care for the children of the church. It cannot be left to superintendents and Sunday-school teachers. They can only be workmen inspired and guided by the spiritual head of the church. As long as this child problem is a secondary one to be gotten rid of by an hour on Sunday, it will be lightly esteemed by parents and children. If child nurture in the life and religion of Jesus Christ ever be raised to the first place where Jesus clearly intended it should be, it will be done by his representative in each church so regarding it.

The leaders for all lines of human interest for the next generation are now babes in arms. They are God's children. He loves them. Their mothers love them. The church, too, must love them with a devotion intelligent enough and strong enough to reveal to them by precept and example what Jesus, the Head of the Church, would have them do.

NOT FLESH AND BLOOD.

W. E. Barton.

Upon two people Jesus poured words of such generous praise that the world since has never quite felt sure of the reason for their fervor. These high commendations they uttered concerning Mary who broke the alabaster box of ointment and poured it upon His head, and Peter, whose ready word of faith told what the others vaguely thought but could not quite find words to say. Mary's fragrant deed and Peter's blunt and heartening word brought forth most generous recognition from Jesus.

But why should Jesus have spoken so enthusiastically about Peter's confession? Why should anyone deserve praise for thinking Jesus the Christ and saying so? Or, if he should be praised, as very likely he ought to be, why such extravagant praise? Did Peter deserve it?

Yes, Peter deserved it.

To be sure, it was not the first time the disciples had thought of Jesus as the Messiah. That little group of men who first came to Jesus beside the Jordan said one to another, "We have found the Messiah." That was more than two years ago before. In the meantime they had heard much from Jesus, and seen much of Jesus. Why should it be any credit to them to say so now?

Often it calls for more faith to make such a confession after the lapse of years. The years bring their disillusionment. Jesus had done very few of the things his disciples expected when they first came to him. He had not built up a strong organization. He had not won over the influential people. He had not attracted men of wealth or scholarship. He had not driven out the Romans. He had not increased wages nor lowered taxes nor abolished slavery. He had not raised an army and fed them with bread from heaven. He had not even held all his congregation. Only laterly He had turned sadly to his disciples, and asked, "Will ye also go away?" It was Peter who answered then, "Lord, to whom shall we go? Thou hast the words of eternal life."

But what was comink of it all? Jesus was an exile, deserted by most of his followers, hiding in the hills just outside his own country, waiting for something to happen which might never happen.

While they were there Jesus asked the disciples what

they had been hearing about Him. What were people saying? They were saying a great many things which the disciples loved Him too well to repeat. The disciples told the truth but not the whole truth. People were saying that He was an imposter that He had had his day and finished his brief period of popularity. They were saying that people ought to learn better than to run after such men, who left the carpenters' bench to rush into the work of preaching. All these things they were saying, but the disciples did not repeat them. They told Him that some people said He was John the Baptist, risen from the dead; and that some said He was Elijah, or Jeremiah, or at the very least a notable prophet.

Let us give them credit for what they did not say. No one of them was cruel enough to tell Him the worst that men were saying. I am afraid a modern church committee would have had in it at least one member who would have said, "They are saying that the church will run down and go to smash unless we have more popular preaching; something that will hold the influential men, and interest the young people; and that it is about time for a change of pastors." No one of them said that. The disciples were less inconsiderate than we sometimes have supposed.

But silence is not the only virtue, nor even the greatest virtue. We have over-estimated the value of silence. Blessed is the man who knows what not to tell; blessed more abundantly is the man who knows just when to speak, and the right word to say.

"But who say ye that I am?"

Jesus asked them all.

Now, they all believed the same thing about Him, but they had some misgivings. In many respects He fulfilled their idea of the Messiah; in many others He did not. They believed in Him, but if they had been forced to say just why, they would have met some difficulties of definition.

There was a silence such as sometimes is felt in prayer-meeting, and it grew intense.

Then Peter spoke.

He did not always speak wisely. "In those days Peter stood up," and he stood up sometimes when he might better have sat down. But in that moment, when the faith of the apostles rose up in their throats and choked their utterance, and when some one was about to move that a committee be appointed to draw up a resolution expressing their faith, Peter spoke,

"Thou art the Christ!"

I am not sure whether Jesus knew just what he was going to say. My Bible seems to indicate that in such matters the humanity of Jesus veiled the Divine foreknowledge, and that in experiences like this the full human measure of the surprise was normal to Him. I am not sure of this, but this is what seems to me to be implied in the narrative. Anyway, the heart of Jesus gave a great leap of joy. He had heard in real words the faith He had been trying to inspire.

Words of faith and love are about the most precious things in the world. Nothing could have done Jesus more good just then, not even a voice out of heaven, that that word, that human word, that unstudied, impulsive, blunt confession that came right out of the heart of a generous, faulty, but genuine soul.

Flesh and blood had not revealed it. Jesus had not said it in words. He had not even done the things by which his messiahship might most surely have been proved to them. They learned it in the deep things of the heart.

Years ago, when life was young and full of hope, you came to one you love, and with eager love confessed to her the affection that thrilled your heart. Do you tell it still? Flesh and blood now reveal wrinkles and gray hair, and infirmities of temper and all that; has the heart revealed a deeper and truer love? For there is a love that flesh and blood cannot reveal, which grows out of the mysteries and the experiences of the years.

And now and then she hungers to be told. You told her of the coat she forgot to mend, and you were not very gracious in the telling. You told her she must cut down expenses, and you hurt her a little when you told her. You told her you thought she did not dress quite as becomingly as she used to do, and that hurt her most of all. And all this time did you assume that the love you told ten years ago needed no re-telling? Tell her again, and tell her often. And tell all those you love, and keep telling them.

Think of it. The two most immortal things that live with the story of Jesus are Mary's loving gift, and Peter's outspoken word. And to neither of them did flesh and blood reveal it, but the love of God.

If you have a love that flesh and blood hath not revealed, tell it.

I have always known that Peter needed to make that confession for his own sake. Men need to speak out their faith, and commit themselves definitely to that in which they believe. This I have always known. But what I have not always known and now feel sure is true is that not even the spiritual insight of the Son of God lifted Him so far above the need of human help but that He, too, needed to hear Peter's confession of faith in Him.

Philip would not have said it in those words. He would have said ,"Lord, show us results." He did say that a little later, "Lord, show us the Father and it sufficeth us." It was a word that pained the heart of Jesus. Had He been so long with Philip, and was Philip still at that stage of his immaturity? Andrew, the lid-lifter of baskets, would have said, "Lord, in very many important respects you seem to us to be what we might reasonably expect the Christ to be: but there are important limitations which we do not understand: I should like to report a little later." Peter, too, had doubts, but he stumbled over them to blurt out his faith. He waited, and no one spoke. He was so accustomed to speaking unwisely; he wanted some one else to speak if he would. But when the silence grew painful, Peter spoke, doubtlessly regretting that he had no great skill in formulating phrases. He did not know that his brief utterance was to give voice to the faith of unborn ages. He merely knew that was what he thought and felt about Jesus.

And upon that man and his blunt unstudied word of faith Jesus founded his Church. Straightforward, unstudied confession of heroic love is about the only thing against which the gates of hell can never prevail. And the world needs more of it.

Oak Park, Illinois.

THE RELIGIOUS CENSUS.

The greatest task before the Christian people of San Francisco at this hour is the house-to-house visitation on Saurday afternoon, December 16th, for the purpose of taking a religious census. All of the different religious organizations have accepted the invitation of Dr. Dille and his committee to engage in the undertaking. Archbishop Riordan has given his clergy instructions to go into it. Rabbi Meyer is sponsor for the Hebrew interest in the scheme. It is going to bring splendid results if the Prot-

estant people will give it their full support.

The first need is for a vast army of visitors who will go two and two on the afternoon appointed and cover the territory and get the information. If the required number accept the work can be done in little more than two hours' time. That is not too much to ask of any one in such an important affair as this.

When it is all done each denomination will receive lists of those who throughout the city have given them the religious preference. The work will be done so quickly through the visitors' use of different booklets for every denomination in the city that within a few hours after the close of the census these will have been separated and put into the hands of their respective denominational committees.

But do not miss the important appeal. You are asked to become a visitor. Report at once this acceptance to your pastor. The city is divided into assembly districts. You and your friend will have a good assignment and a pleasant and instructive afternoon's visitation. It is actually going to be a pleasant affair.

EPIGRAMS ON EFFORT.

Don't let out your heroisms by contract.

If we dodge burdens, life will be a burden.

Speculating ministers are not safe investments.

Nothing great was ever done on the first attempt.

Trouble is intended as a step, not a stumbling-stone.

Adversity hath slain its thousands, but prosperity its tens of thousands.

Trees, sermons and lives improve by pruning—if there is a trunk to start with.

The greatest need in the world is to be obliged to work.

It is better to be needed than to have need of nothing.

They who use the devil to conquer the world, will doubtless see other worlds to conquer.

A god heart, patience and will-power are almost omnipotent.

Opposition is necessary to progress.

If your work is easy, it won't be done.

Sometimes the impossible is the only thing worth attempting.

When a great man dies the biggest thing he leaves is his character. —Wallace Nutting.

MINISTERS' MEETING AT SEMINARY.

The ministers of San Francisco and vicinity met at the Seminary on Monday, December 4th, for a day of spiritual refreshment, and enjoyed a program furnished by the members of the Seminary faculty. As proof of the fact that the day was profitably spent a resolution was unaminously carried just before adjournment favoring an occasional, perhaps quarterly, repetition of it.

After a short devotional exercise led by Rev. L. D. Rathbone, Prof. Bade opened up some of the treasures of the book of Job, giving readings from a revision of his own now in the course of preparation. It was in the nature of an avowal at the outset that spiritual insight can be deepened only through a deepening knowledge of facts,—and Prof. Bade can furnish the facts. The same glad loyalty to what actually is, as against our theories, characterized Prof. Castor's paper on The Moral Paradox of Jesus, in which he emphasized the value of that moral enthusiasm and intensity in which contradictions are harmonized. Jesus shows how vigorous moral convictions achieve all necessary unity by flaming up in the living person, rather than in being toned down to mere logical negations.

Dr. Nash followed a half hour of open meeting with a stirring call to an appreciation of The Ministry of Greatness. He would keep zeal alive in the ministry by the incomparable greatness of Truth, of Living beings, of God's Work on earth, and finally of God Himself as the inspiration of every sermon. A ministry of pettiness is a ministry that has forgotten these greatest elements of the world's life.

Prof. Buckham had prepared a paper on The Garment of God, but did not deliver it because he preferred to surrender his time to other things on the program. It will be given, however, on Monday, December 11th, at the regular Ministers' Meeting in San Francisco.

G. D. Yoakum.

Among the Churches.

California.

Lawndale and Hawthorne.—The Rev. Dr. N. L. Rowell is supplying for a time.

Maricopa.—Rev. Thos. Watt, who resigned recently at Maricopa, has been recalled.

Oil Center.—The Rev. Mr. Ruoff, recently of Etiwanda, has been called to Oil Center.

Eagle Rock.—The Rev. R. B. Dunlap is regular supply at Eagle Rock, and also at Mayflower Church, Los Angeles.

Hollywood, Los Angeles.—The Rev. H. O. Henderson has been called to the pastorate. Recognition service will be held December 15th.

Glendale.—A Congregational church was organized recently at Glendale near Los Angeles, and the Rev. E. H. Willisford is in charge.

Fruitvale Avenue, Oakland.—Seven new members were received last Sunday, two of them by letter and the others on confession or re-confession.

Heber and Jasper.—The work at these two points in Imperial Valley is in charge of the Rev. Mr. Rexford, who came recently from Pocatello, Idaho.

Los Angeles, First.—Fifty-six persons were received into the fellowship of the First Congregational Church last Sunday. They were welcomed by the Rev. Dr. W. F. Day, the pastor emeritus, who, in the seventeen years since he came to the work, has welcomed 3001 persons into mem-

bership. At the service lsat Sunday four persons from the Chinese branch were recognized as members and three from the Japanese branch.

Chula Vista.—Thte Rev. John B. Toomay, recently of St. Louis, has entered on the pastorate at Chula Vista as the successor of the Rev. Mr. McClellan who went back to England, but who writes that he contemplates taking work soon again in this country.

Redwood. — Five were received into membership on Sunday, December 3rd. At a recent business meeting the resignation of the pastor, Rev. C. C. Kirtland, was accepted with regret by the entire church; said resignation does not take effect till **February 1, 1912.**

Bay Point.—A very successful bazaar was held by the ladies of the church on Saturday, November 25th. This is a matter of considerable interest to the church as it is the first bazaar they have attempted and was very well planned and executed. The Bay Point church is moving along very nicely and the town is growing substantially.

WASHINGTON.

Seattle, Green Lake.—Three members were received into fellowship November 24th.

Chewelah, Wash.—Five members were received into our fellowship at the last communion service. The church recently voted to buy a new church hymnal. The committee appointed for that purpose selected Hymns of Worship and Service (Chapel edition) and everyone is well pleased with the selection. Two Sunday-school classes paid for 60 of the 100 copies purchased. The city water main has been extended on the street passing the church and parsonage. Former pastors and those who know anything about the past, will rejoice with the present pastor and his family that the old parsonage pump and carrying water from the creek is a thing of history.

INLAND EMPIRE NOTES.

By Iorwerth.

The National Apple Show at Spokane, drew great crowds to the city from all over the country. The writer met one man who had come from Cornell, N. Y. and another from Ontario. The Metropolis was in its glory for a week, with music filling the air. There was a combined band of 600 members representing 30 towns. The exhibits were unique and impressive, showing the development and possibilities of the country, and truly a revelation to many.

The rural Congress held daily meetings in the armory and much interest was manifested. Some of the meetings were not as practical as they might have been because the men of practical knowledge were not there to give their experience. This rural problem cannot be solved by men of city experience but by men who know the facts. The real rural districts of Eastern Washington are hardly touched by the Gospel, and the gravity of the problem is appalling.

A Conference of national workers of Home Missionary Societies was held during the week. There is a great work before these workers. It will need the most careful investigation and should result in the eliminating of hundreds of churches.

Not least among the great attractions at Spokane was the Mountain Ash, Male Chorus, which gave two concerts. The Spokesman-Review reporting the first concert said: "It proved without a doubt that Wales' music, as sung by Welshmen, is flawless. The chorus sounded as one voice, such was the splendid precision.

In "Cwsg, Filwr Cwsg," one of the most distinct impressions was that the music was coming from the large pipe organ just above, and that the banks of keys were manipulated by the choir invisible." The choir is composed of prize singers from Glomorganshire, South Wales, and are christian men, the director, D. Glyndwr Richards, has for years led the singing in one of the largest Congregational churches of South Wales.

Dr. E. L. House, Westminister church, Spokane, has a displayed advertisement in the Spokesman-Review, every Saturday, announcing his Sunday services. The afternoon Vesper services are drawing large crowds. The doctor is conducting a class in Psychology following the morning service, and a sermon of his appears in the Sunday Review weekly.

Rev. B. C. Preston, of Plymouth church, Spokane, has adopted a unique method of selecting subjects for sermons. He has sent circulars to 500 persons requesting them to select their choice from a long list presented by himself. In this way he expects to find out what the people want. The subjects suggested by him cover a large field, theologically, biographically, sociologically, historically and practically.

Rev. W. D. Eddy, has gathered a sufficient number of people to organize a church at Otis Orchards, a fruit district 5 miles east of Spokane, and an organization will be effected next Sunday.

Lewiston, Idaho. The church at this place under the ministry of Rev. Andrew P. Orth, is making splendid progress. There has been a wholesome increase in membership, and the Sunday School has doubled, necessitating enlarged accommodations. The church is in the vicinity of the Normal School and is exerting a salutary influence over the students. Mr. Orth's ministry has the evangelistic tone.

Pullman, Idaho. The Rev. C. H. Harrison, the pastor of this church reports over 100 Congregational students in the Washington State College, and many of them are regular church attendants. As man and preacher Mr. Harrison is eminently fitted to fill this important pulpit. He finds himself under great disadvantage because the other churches are better equipped and more centrally located than the Congregational church. The denomination could not do anything better than to back up this church and help it to an equipment adequate to the situation.

OREGON LETTER.

By George H. Himes.

The Congregational Church at Oregon City, after having a vacant pulpit for several months, recently secured a pastor in the person of Rev. George Nelson Edwards. He was born in Riverhead, New York, in 1872, and was the son of a Congregational minister. He was graduated from the Wesleyan University, Middletown, Conn., and then studied in Harvard University. He taught in the academy of his native town for two years, and afterwards studied for the ministry in Harvard and Yale Universities and Union Seminary. His first pastorate was in the Congregational Church, Jewett City, Conn., where he remained for five

years. He afterwards served Congregational churches in Port Angeles, Puyallup and Seattle, Washington. He was in the Congregational Missionary work at Douglas, Alaska, for two years and was called from that point to Oregon City.

Mrs. Emma Aena Freytag, wife of Oscar E. Freytag, mayor of Gladstone, and for many years a most faithful worker in the Oregon City Congregational Church, died last Tuesday evening after an illness of several months. Mrs. Freytag was born July 8, 1867, only a few rods distant from the home in which she died, and was the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. P. M. Rinearson, pioneers of 1845. She is survived by her husband, one son, one daughter, three brothers, three step-brothers and two step-sisters.

Among the numerous interesting pamphlets which your correspondent has secured in recent months is one entitled "Extracts from the Records of the Hawaiian Association, from 1823 to 1836. Honolulu Mission Press, 1837." This publication has 24 pages, 4 3-8ths by 7 1-4th inches in size, and will average about four hundred words to the page. Under the head of "Foundation of the Association," the following is quoted.:

"Oahu, Feb. 28, 1823.

"We, the undersigned, ministers and missionaries of the Lord Jesus Christ in the Sandwich Islands, being set for the defense of the truth, and for the enlightening of the Gentiles, agree to unite in an association for mutual improvement and mutual aid in laying the foundation, maintaining the order, and building up the house of the Lord in these islands of the sea."

This was signed by missionaries under different dates as follows:

"Asa Thurston, Hiram Bingham, William Ellis, Honolulu, Feb. 23, 1823."

"William Richards, Artemas Bishop, Charles S. Stewart, Honlulu, May, 1823."

"James Ely, Joseph Goodrich, Kailua, September, 1826."

Lorrin" Andrews, Jonathan S. Green, Peter J. Gulick, Ephraim W. Clark, Honolulu, April 1828."

"Samuel Whitney, Honolulu, January 20, 1830."

"Dwight Baldwin, Reuben Tinker, Sheldon Dibble, Honolulu, June 20, 1831."

"William P. Alexander, Richard Armstrong, John S. Emerson, Cochran Forbes, Harvey R. Hitchcock, David B. Lyman, Lorenzo Lyons, Ephraim Spaulding, Honolulu, June 5, 1832."

"Benjamin W. Parker, Lowell Smith, Lahaina, June 5, 1833."

"John Diell, Honolulu, June 12, 1834."

"Titus Coan, Honolulu, June 12, 1835."

The interest in the Gipsy Smith meetings continued without abatement up to the close last Monday evening, which was the most largely attended of any in the series. Literally thousands failed to gain admission into the auditorium, which contained more than ten thousand. It is too early to give anything like an accurate estimate of the number of conversions, but it is believed by those in a position to form an opinion that it will exceed one thousand. However, that may be, it is certain that all persons who attended those meetings with an honest purpose or desire to receive benefit, whether professing Christians or otherwise, were given an uplift towards a better life that will last a great while. The attitude of three of the daily newspapers in relation to the movement was very friendly, and by publishing good reports reached a large number of persons outside the city, and thus much good seed was sown, the result of which will never be known.

Portland, December 3, 1911.

AN IDEAL CHURCH MEMBER.

Mrs. Alice M. Ladd.

One wants to put it—an ideal Christian, for thus it would be more familiar and sound better. Yet I let it stand,—church member because rightly interpreted this includes the other with some special emphasis on a greatly needed development of Christian life. If the Church of Christ were to us what it was and is to Him, if we loved and honored it as did Peter and Paul, if we saw in it the body of Christ—the bride of Christ—as did the inspired writers of the New Testament, to speak of one as an ideal Church member would suggest the climax of earthly Christian attainment. And it is in that view and that spirit that I use the term here.

...On Sunday morning November 25th, the sister in Christ whose name I have written above was released from the burden of a physical tenement sorely wounded and worn out and was clothed upon with the Spiritual body—the house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens. The congregation at Bethany,—the Church whose praises she had led so long—were singing "Rock of Ages cleft for me" when from her upper chamber, she rose to see Him of whom they sang, face to face and as he is, and to be made like Him. It must be thirty years since I saw her and her noble husband with their little boy walk down the center aisle and take the seat assigned them by the usher in Bethany Church. It was altogether unexpected by me, but I knew what it meant and that it meant much for our work and much for my comfort in it. But I had no idea how much it meant or how often and how warmly in the years then before me I should thank God for sending them. After some years, the husband was called to the higher, purer fellowship of the church of the First Born above, and in extending a pastor's comfort to the widowed heart, I came to know that heart as I had not known it before,—how pure, how true, how thoroughly consecrated, how eager to serve it was. Some years later the organist who had served us well for a good while, was obliged to retire, and this sister consented to take his place till the right one could be found. And from then till she was stricken with the disease which finally exhausted her vitality,—a period I should think of at least twelve years, she was at her place punctually and well prepared. Nothing but absolute impossibility ever deprived us of her service, and when this occurred she found her substitute. And such music as she brought out from the Organ's heart: an amateur and making no claim to be professional, no other made the Organ speak to my heart as did she.

This brings me to speak of one of the elements in her character which made her an ideal Church-member. It was FAITHFULNESS: absolute reliability. As was remarked by one of her Bethany pastors at her funeral: "I never had a care or a question about the music in our services." It was so with us all, so that I fear that we sometimes fall into unconsciousness of our debt to her just as we continually do as to God's gift of air and sun light

and shelter and food. We take these for granted and fail to think of the generous providing, the continual caretaking on God's part which supplies them. This care of the service of Praise for which she would accept no pecuniary compensation, was by no means her only sphere of service: as a Sunday School teacher, as an attendant on the midweek meeting,—as a mother serving Jesus in her home, as a giver out of limited resources, as a helper in all social functions in the Church and in her work for the Chinese, there was the same quiet, unpretending but absolute faithfulness.

With this fidelity there was associated an utter unconsciousness of it. I do not remember so much as one word from her lips that looked as though she were in her heart, comparing herself with others as being better than they. I say UNCONSCIOUSNESS, because she did not seem to know that she was humble. No putting on the airs of humility with her,—or any other airs. Self seemed to be eliminated.

I hardly need to add that the fellowship of saints was precious to her: not only as expressed in friendly attentions and kind words and ready helpfulness but particularly in the control of that unruly member, the tongue. I look back over these more than thirty years of pastoral relationship to her, and fail to remember a single instance of evil-speaking. And here again I am surprised, for this admirable quality sat so easily upon her, that I scarcely noticed it till now in reviewing her life in the Church of Christ. I wonder if it was as easy for her as it seemed to be,—a person of decided opinions, of much steadfast fidelity, of such eagerness to serve, never finding fault with other members that certainly were living on a lower Christian plane,—certainly Christ was formed in her, and in her life as a member of His body His life was lived.

W. C. P.

The Home.

PUT OCCUPATION ASIDE!

We are too busy, too encumbered, too much occupied, too active! We read too much! The one thing needful is to throw off all one's load of care, of pre-occupation, of pedantry, and to become again young, simple, child-like, living happily and gratefully in the present hour. We must know how to put occupation aside, which does not mean that we must be idle. In an inaction, which is meditative and attentive, the wrinkles of the soul spread, and it unfolds and springs afresh, and, like the trodden grass of the roadside or the bruised leaf of a plant, repairs its injuries, becomes new, spontaneous, true and original. Reverie, like the rain of night, restores color and force to thoughts which have been blanched and wearied by the heat of the day. With gentle, fertilizing power it awakens within us a thousand sleeping germs, and, as though in play, gathers around us materials for the future, and images for the use of talent.—Amiel's Journal.

CUT THE TALK SHORT!

My son taught me a lesson on the subject of "nagging" when he was but four years old, and one that I have never forgotten, says a writer in Harper's Bazaar. He had been guilty of a small misdemeanor and had tried to wriggle out of it by not telling the exact truth. I gave him a mild spanking; and, as has always been my custom, talked the matter over afterward. I began by saying, "Now, Robert, if you had told me the truth, I should not have punished you."

He stood before me, scraping one foot along the carpet, and he looked up at me and said, "What would you have done?" and I answered, "I should have only talked to you." "Well," he drawled, "how long would you have talked?"

He is a big boy in high school now, but when times arise requiring a reprimand, and I get started, I still hear that little voice, "How long would you have talked," and I go right to the point and say what I have to say on the subject. But, in the boy's own language, I "cut it short" and never refer to it again unless it is absolutely necessary.

THE DISCONTENT OF THE MIDDLE-AGED WOMAN

Middle age in woman's life is a debatable territory. Some reach it earlier than others, some never seem to arrive at the outposts, gliding across its boundary lines as if they were nonexistent, while others again tarry long on its level ground, in the sunshine or the shadow, according to their temperament. A few with whom youth lingers imperiously until it is suddenly blighted by the frost of old age are not to be congratulated. The fortunate contingent to whom middle age is an Indian summer of serene activity and happy harvesting are among the elect, the thrice blessed of the world.

Whether the middle-aged woman be a laundress or a princess if she is satisfied with her lot, if she have unruffled nerves, devoted friends and a confident outlook, she is a little more than an ordinary woman; she is in reality a great lady.

On the wall of my room hangs the picture of my mother, who lived to her 75th year. In the picture she wears a white lace cap and a quaint kerchief. She assumed these dignities when she was 30 and never laid them off. I have not the least doubt that in her beautiful thirties she fancied herself to be middle-aged. Years ago—to be accurate, very soon after the Civil War—I was sitting in my sunny drawing-room in a Southern town when, bright as the morning itself, a friend opened the door and greeted me with the remark, "This is my birthday. I just couldn't wait. I had to run in and tell you that I have said good-by to my youth. I am now middle-aged. I am 31. I have a daughter 10 years old. I must now begin to anticipate her growing up. I have had my day."

The dear little lady wrote to me a twelvemonth ago, and she does not feel so old today as she did on the day when she was 31. I am aware how absured this must sound to women in their early thirties. It even sounded absurd to me when I heard it, although I combated her opinion and laughed at the tragi-comic solemnity of her face. The truth is that women accepted early middle age as their destiny in the days when most girls married in the later teens. Added to this, it has come to pass, through a saner comprehension of the laws of health and by reason of a change in our American fashion of handing social functions over to the young as if only they were entitled to a share in social intercourse beyond the home that women in general are today as young at 50 as they used to be at 30. At 50 I suppose we may frankly admit that, whether

or not she looks her age, a woman has touched her meridian.

If she be a person of cheerful yesterdays and confident tomorrows, she ought to feel no pang of discontent. Her trouble, however, is not so much with the cheerful yesterdays as with the confident tomorrows. She dreads the blank of the future. I shall never forget the sad cadence in the voice of a woman who had always taken a conspicuous and almost indispensable share in church work, in the various phases of domestic management and, in brief, in the affair of her world, as she said, with an air of finality, "When a woman is 50 years old there is nothing more for her to do anywhere. The only thing that remains for her is to die."

There was absolutely not the faintest edge of an excuse for the cloud which had settled upon her life, blotting the sunshine with its blackness and blinding her to the fact obvious to every one else that she was more dearly loved than ever, that husband and children needed her and that no one within her circle was ready to do without her. In her case the cloud never lifted. Its baleful shadow was rifted now and then, but the sun did not come back to stay. I can think of one and another, and another, and so can you who read, among women in their maturity, fully equipped to meet every demand, far more attractive than they were before experience had laden them with sheaves, who still failed to see the glory and beauty of middle age. I have learned to know unerringly and to fear in a woman's face a certain far-away look, as if life had lost favor and zest, as if nothing more could happen and nothing were worth while, and nervous prostration had stormed life in the citadel and laid it low.

A year ago I asked a physician whose work had been almost exclusively among nervous women, to tell me from what ranks the majority of the victims came. Thee answer was, "From the middle-aged." Proceeding further I was told that the infringement upon health at that period lying back of the discontent that accompanied the nervousness was caused with us by the intensity of the sex, by lack of tranquility, by monotony, by drudgery, by undertaking too much, by this, that and the other, all of which might be condensed into a single sentence: Women suffer from discouragement or disillusionment when they reach middle age. They are discontented and then they break down.

Where shall we seek a remedy for this situation? It must be conceded as a matter of course that there are many who require no remedy. Those who do crowd the sanatoriums distress their families and worst of all, permit themselves to be laid upon the shelf along before the time when they may rightly claim exemption from active duty. A bit of conversation which was repeated in my hearing one day is pertinent here.

"Don't ask me to serve on the reception committee," said a woman who by reason of long service felt that she could insist upon relief from duties in which she had been conspicuous and successful. "I am laid on the helf. Go to some one else."

"Who laid you on the shelf?" was the question put to her by a practical friend.

There was an instant's hesitation, and then came the answer, "Why, the Lord, I suppose.

"I don't believe he did," said the other, "and even if he did, you have rested there long enough. The Lord doesn't mean you to rust and you would better step down."

So far as observation and experience may be called upon to testify, I am convinced that the middle-aged woman fosters the discontent that drags her down by giving up to it when it first looms upon the horizon. She may fight and vanquish it in one of two ways. She may keep steadily on, holding her own and continuing to do her best, or she may pause. There is a sentence in Isaiah which many women ought to keep as a permanent inscription before their eyes in the days when they begin to feel the obsession of tedium, when hurry and worry, twin imps of Satan, prick them daily, or when they foolishly consent to be swept aside by the influx of the younger generation: "Their strength is to sit still." Read it, ponder it and take it home to yourself, if you are tempted to discontent. Whether you are the mother of sons and daughters, whether you are a single woman occupied with teaching or business, or very much at leisure, whether you are in comfortable health or not entirely strong, change the pronoun, substitute "your" for "their." Your strength is to sit still. Take whatever opportunities for rest come into your day. Cease being a saint. Saints need vacations once in a while. Never mind the heaped-up stocking basket, nor the dainty frocks for the pretty daughter, nor the garments that must be collected for the needlework guild, nor the necessity for strenuous housekeeping. By the way, is the last a necessity? Try, although it may outrage your standards, for the next six months to be a trifle blind and deaf to petty irritations. Take life easily. Make it a rule to rest an hour or two every afternoon.

I can hear a chorus of opposing voices, and I am familiar with the objections that seem insuperable when this plain rule of safety is recommended to the tired woman of middle age. "Who is to undertake the tasks that I neglect? What will the house look like, if I act upon your advice? How shall I be fair to my daughter at college or my daughter in society, if I sit still and bind burdens upon her?" I have heard these questions and many like them and I reply thta a cheerful, mirthful, entirely contended mother is of more value to her children; a bright, alert and sympathetic wife of more value to her husband than a worn-out, exhausted and depressed woman can possibly be in these relations. Believe me, you will be fairer to everybody if only you will consent to be fair to yourself.

Live vividly in the present. "The darkest day lived till tomorrow will have passed away." Take the moments as they come. "Build a little fence of trust around today." Read bright, entertaining books, and don't imagine that you are wasting your time when a good novel grips you and holds fast. Discourage all pessimistic conversation? If people try to make you think that the world is growing worse, don't listen to them. The world is steadily growing better. So far as your future is concerned, it is going to be better than anything you have yet known. Read the right wisdom of Rabbi Ben Ezra. There are no years so sweet with calm weather, so rich in friendship, so charming in melody and so intimately connected with the beautiful hereafter as the years, into which we women walk over the upland of middle age.—Margaret E. Sangster in the Continent.

CONCERNING GOOD MANNERS.

This is a young country, and it has many things to learn; among them the truth that the charm of life lies very largely in small things, and that good manners, which

are the most agreeable way of treating one's fellows and being treated by them, add immensely to the value of life. Satisfaction does not consist in getting rich; it consists largely in what one gets day by day. We might all become incredibly rich and the country remain incredibly uninteresting and dull. It is the refinements of life that protect the most sacred relations and bring out their sweetness, and it is in these relations and in their sweetness that the most permanent joys are found. In a well known letter to his sons, William, Earl of Bedford, said some things which ought to be posted in every commercial school and every business house in the country, for manners, quite as much as character, talents, and ability, have to do with success: "Before you speak let your mind be full of courtesy; the civility of the hat, a kind look, or a word from a person of honor has brought that service which money could not. And he who can gain or preserve a friend and the opinion of civility for the moving of the hat or a gentle look, and will not, is sillily severe. Spare not to spend that which costs nothing; be liberal of them, but be not prodigal, lest they become cheap. I remember Sir Francis Bacon calls behavior the garment of the mind; it is well resembled, and rightly expresses the behavior I would have in proportion to a garment. It must be fit, plain, and rich, useful and fashionable. I should not have advised you to such a regard of your outside, the most trifling part of man, did I not know how much the greatest part of the world is guided by it, and what notable advantages are gained thereby, even upon some very wise men, the request of an acceptable person being seldom, or at least unwillingly, denied."

—The Outlook.

THE GENTLE VOICE.

Frank T. Bailey.

There is a young lady in Denver whom I want to see. And you can't guess, children, why I want to see her! "Have I heard something about her?" No; not a word. "Do I think she is very good looking?" Yes; good looking, if not handsome. "Have I seen a picture of her?" No; I have never seen nor heard a thing about her. Why, then, do I want to see this particular lady?" I shall have to tell you.

There is a certain store downtown with which I sometimes do business, and this lady usually answers the telephone. Her voice is so sweet and gentle that I just want to know her. I am sure she is a good woman.

"Ah!" you say, "probably she knew she was talking with the minister and so she took pains to talk pleasantly." No; she knew nothing of the kind. She only knew that somebody wanted to give an order for groceries—just groceries! So she did not "fix" her voice for the occasion. It was just her natural, everyday voice.

I know her already! Her voice is almost as good as a photograph. It tells me that she is refined and kindly; full of courtesy, not impatient and fussy; a real lady. So I want to see her. I am sure she is worth knowing.

Such a voice is worth a great deal to its owner; and a good deal to other people, too! It is worth a good deal to an employer to have such a voice at the telephone or behind the counter. It sells goods for him. It is a "capital" in business. (If you do not know what 'capital" is your father will tell you.) Do you know that people are sometimes driven away from a store by the ungentle voice and ill manners of a clerk? Why, there are some clerks who almost say "scat!" as they look at a customer! At any rate, their faces do.

You do not know, dear children, how much need the world has for voices that are sweet and gentle. There is a great deal in the business world that reminds me of a field I have seen that was full of rocks, rough and sharp and ready to bruise a tender foot. But I have seen such rocks covered with a mossy velvet that was kept fresh by the nightly dew: making them soft and green so that one loved them. So there are soft voices, sweet and low—velvet tones that cover the hard things in daily life: and they are dearer than moss-grown rocks.

One could afford to pay money for such a voice, but it cannot be bought in the market. There is only one way of getting the treasure. It must grow in the garden of your heart. The secret of a velvet voice is in character: and character is what you are. The voice is the expression of your thoughts and feelings, of your real self: and so it comes to be more and more a telltale, until your voice is you. If you would have a voice that will make even a telephone wire glad, you must begin with the voice you have and make it true and soft and sweet by thinking cheerful, loving thoughts and living in kindly courtesy every day.

Our Young People

WHAT JULIE TAUGHT THE TEACHER.

If anyone had told Julie that the new teacher was going to learn more from her than Julie was from the new teacher, would'nt she have opened her eyes! It was true, all the same, and this is the way it happened.

When Miss Field tied on her veil, just before starting for school that first morning, she said to herself:—

"What's the use of trying to be anybody? My hair is thin, and my face is sallow, and these glasses are so unbecoming. This world has no use for plain people like me."

As poor Miss Field shook hands with her new scholars that morning, she knew that they were scanning her from head to foot, anl probably comparing her unfavorably with their last teacher. She was discouraged, and, if it had'nt been for Julie, she might have kept on being discouraged, and then what would have become of her, I wonder?

Now, Julie was a very plain little girl. Her hair was thin, like Miss Field's, and she wore glasses, too, and, although her face wasn't sallow, it was dreadfully freckled. When she came tripping into school after the gong was sounded Miss Field thought she was as plain looking a child as she had ever seen.

Of course neither Julie nor Miss Field knew that Julie was to teach a very important lesson that day; nevertheless Julie began at once just as if she knew she was to do it, and Miss Field began at once to learn it.

First, when Julie came in the room, she began to show a great interest in everything round her. Her jolly little round eyes behind the glasses darted hither and thither, taking in the new teacher, the new globe on the platform, Mary McPherson's new dress, which was piped with red, the new scholar, a pretty girl whose looks seemed to delight Julie very much. Many other things interested her, and every once in a while Miss Field's eyes would rove round to where Julie sat, and she could'nt help smiling at her. "That child isn't troubling herself about her plain face," said Miss Field to her self. You see, the new teacher

had already begun to learn the lesson Julie was teaching her.

By and by, Miss Field began to examine the pupils on their last term's work. Julie took the liveliest interest in the questions. She watched the children's faces while they were answering, and listened to every word they said, Just as if their success or failure was a matter of vital importance to her. Her eyes lighted with satisfaction when the answers were correct, and when they were wrong, her disappointment was quite decided.

"Well, well," said Miss Field to herself, "that child is as interested in each question as if it were her own. What an unselfish little creature she must be!"

After this speech you may be sure that Julie's success as a teacher was assured.

At recess time Miss Field went down in the playground, to watch the children play, and there everybody was inquiring for Julie.

'Come and play with me Julie."

"Julie, isn't this the way to play Flumpy?"

"Julie, I want to tell you a secret."

"Julie, will you have a piece of my apple?"

Miss Field heard remarks like these on every side, and Julie was here, there, and everywhere.

"Dear me," said Miss Field to herself, "how the children do like Julie! It seems to me that looks don't count in her case." You see the new teacher was progressing.

At noon, when Miss Field was putting on her things to go home, she saw there was trouble in the playground. The children were gathered around the prettty new girl, who was talking very fast.

"I don't want to play with Julie," Miss Field heard her say. "I don't like her: she wears glasses and has lots of freckles."

"There!" said Miss Field to herself, "now here's trouble for Julie: she's got to reckon with her freckles. It's just as I said this morning, the world has no use for plain people."

"I don't think we know how to play the game without Julie," said Mary McPherson.

"I don't care. I wouldn't be seen playing with her," declared the pretty little girl.

"She isn't pretty," acknowledged Jane Butler.

"I never saw such freckles," said Bessie Conant.

"Nor I," agreed Nellie Davis.

"Nor I."

"Nor I."

It seemed now as if everybody was turning against Julie. Miss Field was just going to take her part when she saw her bounding across the yard. "Come," cried Julie, "we'll play the new game. It's lots of fun."

The children made no move to begin. Julie stopped short.

"What's the matter?" she asked eagerly.

The children looked at the pretty new girl. "She doesn't want to play with you," spoke up Jane Butler.

"Why not?" inquired Julie.

Before Miss Field could speak, some child blurted out the truth. "For shame!" cried Miss Field, starting toward the group of girls; but she stopped before she had taken two steps, for she saw that Julie was equal to the occasion.

"Dear me!" cried Julie. "I thought something awful had happened. Why," she exclaimed, turning to the pretty new girl, "what does it matter about freckles and glasses and things as long as I know how to play the game? Come on."

Julie laughed and danced away, and the children followed, every one of them, even to the pretty new girl!

Miss Field stood for a moment and watched the children. A big tear had gathered in each one of her eyes, yet her face was beaming. "Dear little teacher!" she said softly, "she knows how to play the game, and so her looks don't count. Now I'm going to try Julie's way, indeed I will."

When the new teacher got back to her boarding house, she began to "play the game." She greeted all the other inmates with the pleasantest smile. She took an interest in everything they said and did, and she told them about Julie, although, of course, she didn't mention any names. Happy tears came into her eyes as she talked, and after she had gone back to school, the boarders got together and decided that the new teacher was "lovely." Wasn't Julie a nice little teacher?—The Messenger for the Children.

REPORT OF THE COMMISSION ON POLITY.

The Commission of Nineteen on Polity takes pleasure in reporting through the denominational press, that its report is now in press, and in a few days will be ready for distribution. A copy will be mailed to every Congregational minister at the address given in the Year Book. Any minister who has changed his address, and any layman desiring a copy of the report, will please send two cent stamp with request for the report, , to "Commission on Polity, Sublete, Ill.," from which place all copies are mailed. Comments on the report should be mailed to the chairman or secretary of the Commission, and will receive careful and friendly attention.

The report is a large document, containing the proposed Constitution of the National Council, the plan for the Benevolent Societies, and the plan for the Secretaryship of the National Council, together with a general interpretation of the plan as a whole.

This report is all that the Commission as a body has at present to say to the churches, though its individual members are at liberty to answer quesions and assist in a general understanding of the report. It was voted by the Commission that no member of that body should publish or discuss any part of the report until the report as a whole was before the churches.

The report now is available for general distribution, and the Commission will particularly value formal expressions from churches, associations and conferences that follow full discussion.

Letters containing such expressions (but not those asking for copies of the report) may be sent to President Frank K. Sanders, Chairman, Topeka, Kansas, or to Rev. William E. Barton, Secretary, Oak Park, Ill.

Sir William Ramsay, president of the British Association for the Advancement of Science, tells us that if the energy stored in a ton of radium could be utilized in 30 years it would propel a 15,000 horse power at the rate of 15 knots an hour for the whole 30 years.

WHEN IS GOD NEAR ME?

By William J. Stanton.

When is God near me? Every hour I live;
At the earliest morn, when the first gleam of light
Breaks through the darkness, promising to give
Day after night.
When is he near me? 'Neath the noonday sun;
When evening's glories deck the glowing west;
When night's repose, after the day is done,
Gives peace and rest.

When is God near me? When spring's bright flowers
Their fragrance and their beauty scatter free,
When songs of birds gladden the happy hours,
He dwells with me.
When is he near me? Through the summer's heat;
Through autumn's harvest time; through sun and rain;
When winter's tempests on my window beat
Their weird refrain.

When is God near? When first upon my sight
Dawned the world's light, his primal gift to me,
In love and warmth and tenderness and light,
His love I see.
When is he near me? Through life's hour of noon,
It's hope and faith and strength,—all by him given;
And, if the close of this bright day seems soon,
Beyond lies heaven.

And in the hours of dawn and spring and youth,
At noon, in summer, and in manhood's years,
And in the night, in winter, and in death,
His love appears.
When is he near me? Every hour of life;
And, when from earth my spirit rises free,
My guerdon for its suffering and strife
His love will be.

—Christian Register.

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